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O D E

FOR

M U S I C,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE in OXFORD,

On the SECOND of JULY, 1751.

Being the ANNIVERSARY appointed by

The late Lord CREW, Biſhop of *Durham*,

For the COMMEMORATION of

BENEFACTORS to the UNIVERSITY.

Quique ſacerdotes caſti, dum vita manebat;
Quique pii vates, & Phœbo digna locuti;
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes;
Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo;
Omnibus his —— —— —— VIRGIL.

By THO. WARTON, *A. M.* of Trinity Coll.

Set to Muſic by Dr. HAYES, Profeſſor of Muſic.

O X F O R D,
Printed for R. CLEMENTS and J. BARRETT; W. THURLBOURNE in *Cambridge*; and R. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall, London.*

ODE

FOR

MUSIC,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE in OXFORD,

On the SECOND of JULY, 1783,

Being the ANNIVERSARY appointed by

The late Lord CREW, Bishop of Durham,

For the COMMEMORATION of

BENEFACTORS to the UNIVERSITY.

Quique fuerunt olim, dum tuta manebat;
Quique pii cœtus, & Phœbo cognita Musis;
Invenias, sed quo ritum servabere fine;
Quique fuit merces olim pretiumque laborum;
Omnibus his —— —— —— Virgil.

By THO. WARTON, A.M. of Trinity Coll.

Set to Music by Dr. HAYES, Professor of Music.

ODE
FOR
MUSIC.

I.

WHERE ſhall the Muſe, that on the ſacred ſhell, *Recitative Accomp.*
Of men in arts and arms renown'd,
The ſolemn ſtrain delights to ſwell;
Oh! where ſhall Clio chuſe a race,
Whom Fame with every laurel, every grace,
Like thoſe of Albion's envied iſle, has crown'd?
Daughter and miſtreſs of the ſea, *Chorus.*
All-honour'd Albion hail!
Where'er thy Commerce ſpreads the ſwelling ſail,
Ne'er ſhall ſhe find a land like thee,
So brave, ſo learned, and ſo free;
All-honour'd Albion hail!

II.

Recitative. But in this princely land of all that's good and great,
Would Clio ſeek the moſt diſtinguiſh'd ſeat,
Moſt bleſt, where all is ſo ſublimely bleſt,
That with ſuperior grace o'erlooks the reſt,
Like a rich gem in circling gold enſhrin'd;

Air I. Where Iſis' waters wind
Along the ſweeteſt ſhore,
That ever felt fair Culture's hands,
Or Spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
Lo! where majeſtic OXFORD ſtands;

Chorus. Virtue's awful throne!
Wiſdom's immortal ſource!

Recitative. Thee well her beſt belov'd may boaſting Albion own,
Whence each fair purpoſe of ingenuous praiſe,
All that in thought or deed divine is deem'd,
In one unbounded tide, one unremitted courſe,
From age to age has ſtill ſucceſſive ſtream'd;
Where Learning and where Liberty have nurſt,
For thoſe that in their ranks have ſhone the firſt,
Their moſt luxuriant growth of ever-blooming bays.

III.

Recitative Accomp.

In antient days, when She, the Queen endu'd
With more than female fortitude,
Bonduca led her painted ranks to fight;
Oft times, in adamantine arms array'd,
Pallas deſcended from the realms of light,
Imperial Britoneſſe! thy kindred aid.
As once, all-glowing from the well-fought day,
The Goddeſs ſought a cooling ſtream,
By chance, inviting with their glaſſy gleam,
Fair Iſis' waters flow'd not far away.
Eager ſhe view'd the wave,
On the cool bank ſhe bar'd her breaſt,
To the ſoft gale her locks ambroſial gave;
And thus the watry nymph addreſt.

Air II.

Hear, gentle nymph, whoe'er thou art,
Thy ſweet refreſhing ſtores impart:
A goddeſs from thy moſſy brink
Aſks of thy cryſtal ſtream to drink:
Lo! Pallas aſks the friendly gift;
Thy coral-crowned treſſes lift,
Riſe from the wave, propitious pow'r,
O liſten from thy pearly bow'r.

Her

IV.

Recitative. Her accents Iſis' calm attention caught,
As loneſome, in her ſecret cell,
In ever-varying hues, as mimic fancy taught,
She rang'd the many-tinctur'd ſhell:
Then from her work aroſe the Nais mild;
Air III. She roſe, and ſweetly ſmil'd
With a many a lovely look,
That whiſper'd ſoft conſent:
Recitative. She ſmil'd, and gave the goddeſs in her flood
To dip her caſque, tho' dy'd in recent blood;
While Pallas, as the boon ſhe took,
Thus pour'd the grateful ſentiment.
Air IV. For this, thy flood the faireſt name
Of all Britannia's ſtreams ſhall glide,
Beſt fav'rite of the ſons of fame,
Of every tuneful breaſt the pride:
For on thy borders, bounteous queen,
Where now the cowſlip paints the green
With unregarded grace,
Her wanton herds where Nature feeds,
As loneſome o'er the breezy reeds
She bends her ſilent pace;

Lo! there, to wiſdom's Goddeſs dear,
A far-fam'd City ſhall her turrets rear,
There all her force ſhall Pallas prove;
Of claſſic leaf with every crown,
Each olive, meed of old renown,
Each antient wreath, which Athens wove,
I'll bid her blooming bow'rs abound;
And Oxford's ſacred ſeats ſhall tow'r
To thee, mild Nais of the flood,
The trophy of my gratitude!
The temple of my pow'r!

Recitative.

V.

Nor was the pious promiſe vain;
Soon illuſtrious Alfred came,
And pitch'd fair Wiſdom's tent on Iſis' plenteous plain.
Alfred, on thee ſhall all the Muſes wait,
Alfred, majeſtic name!
Of all our praiſe the ſpring!
Thee all thy ſons ſhall ſing,
Deck'd with the martial and the civic wreath:
In notes moſt awful ſhall the trumpet breath
To thee, GREAT ROMULUS of Learning's richeſt ſtate.

Recitative.

Air V. & Chorus.

VI.

Recitative. Nor Alfred's bounteous hand alone,
Oxford, thy riſing temples own:
Soon many a man munificent,
The prince, the prelate, laurel-crowned croud,
Their ample bounty lent
To build the beauteous monument,
That Pallas vow'd.

Recitative Accomp. And now ſhe lifts her head ſublime,
Majeſtic in the moſs of time;
Nor wants there Græcia's better part,
'Mid the proud piles of antient art,
Whoſe fretted ſpires, with ruder hand,
Wainflet and Wickham bravely plan'd;
Nor decent Doric to diſpenſe
New charms 'mid old magnificence;
And here and there ſoft Corinth weaves
Her dædal coronet of leaves;

Duett. While, as with rival pride their tow'rs invade the ſky,
Radcliffe and Bodley ſeem to vye,
Which ſhall deſerve the foremoſt place,
Or Gothic ſtrength, or Attic grace.

O Iſis!

VII.

O Iſis! ever will I chant thy praiſe: *Recitative.*
Not that thy ſons have ſtruck the golden lyre
With hands moſt ſkillful; have their brows entwin'd
With every faireſt flow'r of Helicon,
The ſweeteſt ſwans of all th' harmonious choir;
Have bade the muſing mind
Of every ſcience pierce the pathleſs ways,
And from the reſt the wreath of wiſdom won;
But that thy ſons have dar'd to feel *Air* VI.
For freedom's cauſe a ſacred zeal;
With Britiſh breaſt, and patriot pride,
Have ſtill Corruption's cup defy'd;
In dangerous days untaught to fear,
Have held the name of honour dear.

VIII.

But chief on this illuſtrious day, *Recitative.*
The Muſe her loudeſt Pæans loves to pay.
Erewhile ſhe ſtrove with accents weak
In vain to build the lofty rhyme;

At length, by better days of bounty chear'd,
She dares unfold her wing.

Air VII. Hail hour of tranſport moſt ſublime!
In which, the man rever'd,
Immortal CREW commands to ſing,
And gives the pipe to breathe, the ſtring to ſpeak.

IX.

Chorus. Bleſt prelate, hail!
Moſt pious patron, moſt triumphant theme!
From whoſe auſpicious hand
On Iſis' towers new beauties beam,
New praiſe her NURSING FATHERS gain;
Immortal CREW!
Bleſt prelate hail!

Recitative. E'en now fir'd fancy ſees thee lead
To Fame's high-ſeated fane
The ſhouting band!
O'er every hallowed head
Fame's choiceſt wreaths ſhe ſees thee ſpread:
Alfred ſuperior ſmiles the ſolemn ſcene to view;

And

And bids the Goddeſs lift *Air* VIII.

Her loudeſt trumpet to proclaim,

O CREW, thy conſecrated gift,

And echo with his own in ſocial ſtrains thy name.

[*Chorus* repeated.

F I N I S.

And bids the Goddefs lift

Her loudeft trumpet to proclaim,

O CREW, thy conſecrated gift,

And echo with his own in ſocial ſtrains thy name.

[Chorus repeated.

FINIS.